

# No. 29

## Steve Earle

I was born and raised here, this town's my town  
Everybody knows my name  
But ever since the glass plant closed down  
Things 'round here ain't never been the same  
I got me a good job alright but some nights  
Take me to another time  
Back when I was Number 29  
I was pretty good then don't you know, watch him go  
Buddy, I could really fly  
Everyone in town came, hip flasks, horn blasts  
Any autumn Friday night  
Sally yelled her heart out push 'em back, way back  
I was hers and she was mine  
Back when I was Number 29  
We were playin' Smithville big boys, farm boys  
Second down and four to go  
Bubba brought the play in good call my ball  
Now, they're gonna see a show  
But Bubba let his man go I cut back, heard it crack  
It still hurts me but I don't mind  
Reminds me I was Number 29  
Now, I go to the ballgames cold nights, half pints  
Friday nights, I'm always here  
We got a pretty good team, good boys, strong boys  
District champs the last three years  
Got a little tailback pretty quick, real slick  
I take him for a steak sometimes  
Nowadays he's Number 29  
I don't follow rainbows, big dreams, brass rings  
I've already captured mine  
Back when I was Number 29

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